· KENTUCKY

SENATOR CLARK, of Montans, will build a splendid summer residence in Hawail. He has large investments there and says the climate is ide . | for a summer home.

It has been found that an apparatus for killing animals with chloroform in England would not work in India, he cause the high temperature prevented the concentration of the chloroform vapor. That this was the cause was proved by the fact that by placing ice in the box the animals were readily

Mas Joungar is rather an educat d woman for a licer wrouw and as a girl was remarkable for her musical acrossplishments. She is known to have possessed one of the first planes ever seen in Pretoria. She, like her friend, Mrs. Kruger, revels in domesticity and once bonsted that she had always cooked her husband's Sunday dinner.

GEORGE WYNDRAM, the under secre tary of state for war in Great Britain. though only 35 years old, has been in parliament several years and has won a reputation as a strong debater. He entered the army in his twentieth year and saw hard service in Africa. has also found time to edit an edition "Plutarch," as well as a volume of Shakspeare's poems.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lving frozen on the snow and so brittie that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies, on being taken to a warm er climate, recover themselves and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the north pole.

CONFEDERATE veterans of New Orleans are planning to purchase Beaulor, Jefferson Davis's Mississippi home, for an industrial farm for ex-confederate soldiers who are still able to do light work. The organization has received as intimation that Mrs. Davis desires to sell the property, that she may invest in real estate in New Orleans and make that city her home.

PRESIDENT KRUGER, who has been wedded twice, chose both his wives from the Du Plessis family, which is not only one of the oldest in South Africa (its founder having gone to the Cape in the seventeenth century), but the family to which Richelieu belonged. Mr. Kruger by his first marriage had one child, who died young. his second wife he had 16 children. His grandchildren number 104.

In London and Paris some very fashionable weddings have recently taken place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. bree of the most fashionable brides in New York have had no bridesmaids. Perhaps this was due to the fact that there were po bridesmaids at the wedling of Miss Julia Dent Grant and Prince Cantacuzene. There is as much a fashion in bridesmaids as there is in foral decorations, and the cut and shape of the wedding gown.

BOLTON STAFFORD BIRD, the new premier of Tasmania, presents the rare sight of a congregationalist dergyman at the head of a British colony. Fifty-nine years old and a native of New-Hobart in 1879, as a minister of that city's leading congregationalist church. Three years later he entered parliament and later became colonial treasurer. He has represented Tasmania in two Australian federal conventions.

LADIES who go shopping have little idea of the cost of their trip, even in such a minor detail as the cost of paper for the packages they have sent home. A Baltimorean has recently compared the weight of paper with the food supplied to the purchaser. In one day's purchases it is said that the paper wrapping amounted to about 10 r cent of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.40 he found that the paper which was weighed with the provisions cost 14% cents.

THE queen of the Belgians was brought up in her father's castle at Pesth amid surroundings and customs which remind one of the feudal ages. At night her father himself descended the great staircase to lock the outer gate and door of the principal hall. This hall was divided into two parts, one end being raised a little above the other. At the elevated end the daughters of the house sat at their needlework or painting or music, while their attendants sat at the lower end of the

Collis P. Hunrington, after a fight of a life-time, has finally succeeded in getting absolute control of the single gateway to San Francisco and the South California coast. He and his friends are now in complete possession of the great Southern Pacific and Central Pacific systems, which, under the plan of reorganization recently successfully accomplished, have become one organization. Under the terms of this plan the great government debt of \$58,812.715 was liquadated without any disturbance of the financial world.

Tun guillotine is just now homeless. Some months ago the municipal council, in obedience to the powerful interests of property owners, decreed that public executions should no; longer take place in the Square de la Roquette, but the choice of another place was postponed for a time. It is now stated that the authorities have on their hands an accumulation of criminals awaiting execution. The aidermen are at a loss to know where the phastly machine may be erected. So far every proposal of a new place has met flerce opposition from the citizens of Paris.

FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

What shall I say if he, some day returning, Shall seek thee, knowing not? Tell him I waited—till pale death remem-

The life that love forgot.

If he should ask to know thy place of dwelling, What shall my answer be? Nive him the ring of gold from off m finger, Give it him—silently!

But if, as with a stranger, he still questions, Say what then shall I do? Speak to him very gently, as a sister, Per-hance he suffers, too!

And if he ask why silent and deserted The halls so bright before? Answer no word, but show the lamp ex-tinguished, The widely opened door.

And lest, perchance, he ask of that last What message must I keep? Smile in his face, and say I parted smiling: Yes, smile—lest he should weep! —Austin South, in Sydney Bulletin.



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CHAPTER XII.-CONTINUED. "Quick, Jacopo-follow me," and driving my spurs home, the good horse plunged for-wards, topping the bank almost on the instant that the amarkaders, who rushed out with a shout, reached it. The man to the left, who was riding a white horse, pulled

up in an unaccountable manner, and making a point at the one on my sword side, I ing him clean round in the saddle as I dashed on. The attacking party, coming at a great pace, were carried by their horses down the slope into the stream, and before they could turn I had gained a fair start, and to my joy heard Jacopo swearing

"Maldetto! I could not fire, signore—you were right in front of me—but here goes."
He turned back in his saddle, and would have let off his piece had I not shouted

"Hold! hold! till I tell you." and for tunately he hoard my words, or the chances were there would have been a miss with

o opportunity of reloading. We gained a full hundred yards before the others recovered themselves, coming after us with yells of anger, and I distinctly

heard Ceci's voice:
"Two hundred crowns for them, dead or

Now commenced a race for life. We had the start and meant to keep it; but their horses were the fresher, and it became a mere question of who could last longest. We made the pace as hot as we could, in the hope that if we came to close quarters again some of our pursuers would have tailed behind. For a little time things went well, and I was beginning to think we should be able to show our friends a clean pair of heels, when I suddenly felt my horse puffing, stretching his neck forward and holding on to the bit, in a manner which left no doubt to my mind that he was done.

acopo, too, called out:
"We had better fight it out, excellency; ny horse is blown."

Before giving a final answer, I slung round in the middle to see how the enemy were get-ting on. The only two who were at our heels was the man mounted on the white

heels was the man mounted on the white horse, who had pulled aside in so strange manner when charging me, and another, whom I could not make out The rest were whom I could not make out. The rest were well behind, but riding hard. We could probably account for these two, and turn-ing back I shouted to Jacopo: "All right; fight it out."

As I said this my horse stumbled and rolled clean over, killing himself on the

not, but fortunately throwing me clear of him and without doing any damage to me. I had just time to scramble to my feet, when the two foremost of our pursuers were upon

Jacopo had been carried some yards on by the speed of his mount, but as the men came up he turned sharp round in his saddle and fired. The report was followed by a yell of pain, and the leading horseman fell: the other, who bestrode the white horse, again aheering off from me. Here he met with Jacopo, who was coming back at a gallop, and, it seemed to rae, fluing himself from his horse, doing this in a clauser a man his horse, doing this in so clumsy a manmy knave.

"Mount-mount, excellency-mount be-kind me!" and Jacopo steadied his horse.



But there was no time, and three of the r maining horsemen dashed up. Two of the horses shied past the body of my animal but the third came boldly up, and the rider immediately engaged Jacopo. I could not give my brave fellow any aid, for my time was fully occupied in dealing with my own adversaries. Their horses were too fresh, or not well in hand, by great good luck, and so they could not manage to came at me together. Seeing this, I made a dash across the road into the wood—it was but a few feet-and both my adversaries followed with the result that the horse of one of them put his foot in a rut, and, stumbling forwards, unseated his rider, and the other, in aiming a cut at me, got his sword en-tangled for a second in an overhang-ing bough. This second was, however, ing bough. This second was, however, enough for me to give him six inches of enough for me to give him six inches of the second and rode off, dropping and address from side to side in his saddle like a drunken man. The man who had fallen from the horse cas nowhere to be seen. Indeed, I did not ook for him, but rushed back to the assistance of Jacopa, and this time, having

opportunity for observing, if only for a twinkling, saw his opponent was my friend, the sham monk. He, however, had as quick an eye, and, taking in the situation made a sudden charge at Jacope, and as auddenly wheeling his horse to the left, shot past him and field on ahead, leaving us

masters of the situation.
"Are you hurt, excellency?" called out

"Not in the least. How are you?"
"Nothing but a scratch, excellency, which I received from his reverence, who, with all his monkish cowl, wields a good weapon." "Well, jump down and let us see who our friends are, but first let us look at your

"It is really nothing, as I said, signore," and Jacopo sprang lightly to earth. I did not, however, listen to him, and taking from him his flint and steel, lighted a piece from him his flint and steel, lighted a piece of dry wood, which I converted into a torch. With the aid of this and the moonlight, I examined Jacopo's wound, which after all was but slight, and had just bandaged it up with my kerchief, when I became aware that the man whom Jacopo had ridden over had riset on his hands and knees, and was crawling off in the brush-

Steady, friend," I said, and running up to him, gave him a prick with my sword as a hint to stop. He made a little outery, a hint to stop. He made a little outcry, but had the good sense to take the hint, and casting the light of the torch on his face I recognized my old acquaintance, the ancient Brico.

"So, signore," I said, "I have again to be thankful to you."

Jacopo, too, came up and recognized the

man at a glance.
"Cappita!" he burst out, "but it is the ancient Brico! Shall I beat his brains out, excellency ?"

excellency?"

"Mercy, most noble cavalier," exclaimed
Brico, "I yield me to ransom."

"Ransom forsooth!" called out Jacopo,
"such ransom as a noose will give you. Presure to die

'Ee quiet, Jacopo," I said, "the ancient has yielded to runsom, and we will leave him to discuss the terms with the moon l'etch me the bridle from my poor hors yonder, and bind this knave firmly." Jacopo needed no second bidding, and in five minutes the ancient, securely bound, was sitting like a trussed fowl in the mid-

dle of the road, alternately cursing and Perhaps, excellency, we had better look

at the other," and Jacopo pointed to the man whom he had shot, who lay on his face. "Perchance," he added, "he, too, might turn out an old acquaintance." We did so, and as we bent over him I saw it was Bernaho Ceci gune to his last aclay quite dead, with a frown on his forehead, and his teeth elenched in the death agony.

I looked at him in a sad silence, which Ja "I never knew a cross-marked bullet to all, excellency. He is stone dead." "May be rest in peace," I answered; "he cas a brave man, although my enemy."

"He is still enough now, your worship— id see! There is his horse grazing quietly. It will do excellently to replace the los

He ran forward and secured the animal. He ran forward and secured the animal, whilst I had a final look at my dead beast. It is neck was broken, and there was an end of him. Whilst Jacopo at my request was changing the saddles, I stirred up the ancient, who had lapsed into silence, and begged the favor of his informing me to whom I was indebted for the excitement of the night. Briest first would not appear to the sight. the night. Brico at first would not answer. but an inch of steel removed his sulkiness and he told me all that I believe he knew, which was to the effect that he and some others had been bired by a great Floren others had been dired by a great Floren-tine called Strozzi, to step me at all haz-ards on my journey to Rome, and that the party was commanded by Ceci, who was to pay them 200 crowns for their trouble. More evidently did not know, and, disregard ing all his entreaties to loosen him, we rode off, wishing him a good night. Neverthe-less I am airaid he suffered considerable dis-

comfort.
"That rascal monk," said Jacope, as we jogged along, "has gone on ahead of us, and to-morrow, perhaps, will rouse the coun-try in advance of us."

" I answered, Never fear, Jaco no monk, as I well know, and his only chance was to escape as he did. He will hark back soon enough to Florence. Such hawks as he do not fly far from their

And in this I proved to be right, and the library scribe was never seen by loc again. So we kept to our way, deciding to rest by day on the banks of the Evola, to which by day on the banks of the Evola, to which we came in the early morning. Here we concealed our horses in the forest which fringed the banks, and the tireless Jacopo, leaving me to watch the cattle, proceeded on foot to a small hamlet he knew of, returning in about an hour with the materials for a substantial meal, and a small skin of

ney, halting by day and traveling by night and finally reached Leghorn in safety. Here we took passage in a ship bound for Rome, but were compelled to wait two days in Leghorn, as the master was not ready to sail at once. At last, all things being arranged, we got our horses and ourselves aboard, and put to sea with a fair wind. The master of the ship had sailed with Messer Columbus to the new world, and lost no time in giving us the history of his adventures, which were in truth marvelous beyond imagination. I listened with a smooth face, and the good man no thought that I believed his r es. es. In this, however, he was mistak-they were diverting in the they were diverting in the
was overcome by the sic of the ses,
and flung himself down in corner on the deck of the ship from which pot nothing would induce him to move. At every lurch he threw out a prayer which ended in a groan, and so great was his distress that, ns he afterwards stated, he would have sold his soul to Satan for a paul, if only to ob-tain an hour's relief. As for me, I was well, having had some experience of the ocean be-fore, when employed by the most serene republic for service against the Turk, and and contentment in the master's stories and in pacing up and down watching such things as came under my view. I had plenty of opportunity for reflection on the voyage, and came to the conclusion that on de ivering my letter to the cardinal at Rome, I would seek out Bayard if he were there, lay my story before him, and beseech his

help to enable me to recover myself.

At last, one fine day, we reached Ostis, and there disembarked, after bidding farewell to the master, and set out on our way to Rome. Jacopo recovered his spirits as his foot touched land, and though the rud-diness of his cheek had paled a little, he was quite himself-again by the time we crossed the Stagno di Ostia. Finally we came in full view of the Eternal city, towards the afternoon, having pressed along at a good pace, our jaded horses brought us before the gate of St. Paul.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROME. As we rode up to the ruinous stretch of a battered wall, and saw before us the gate, lying open against the mottled green and gray high-ground of the Aventine, that old hill, covered with straggling and unkempt vineyards, and studded with the walls of monasteries, I was moved more than I can tell, for I was about to realize a dream of my life, and put my foot once again in the place of my birth, a spot not only bound to me by that tie, but sacred with the hundred legends of my forefathers' history, men who had for centuries played so great a part in its fate, until our house was cast forth by the mother city, to wander as exiles over the land. It is to wander as exiles over the land. It is true that since the days of my childhood I had not seen Rome, it is true that such memories of it as I had were dim and misty, and that to recall them was like trying thring back before one's eyes, when awake the vague but pleasant visions of a delight ful dream; nevertheless my heart filled with a strange joy, and my pulse began to beat more rapidly, as each stride of my horse brought me nearer home. In short, I was a Roman come back to Rome, and in these

words sum up my feelings.

Filled with such thoughts, I tightened the reins half unconsciously, and my horse, doubtless upset by his voyage, and the hard going from Octia, very willingly alackened his pace to a walk. Jacopo, as in duty bound followed my example, and immediately be gan to buzz into speech.

In a short time we come opposite the

Monte Testaccio, that curious



of old pottery, which lies towards the river, southwest of the Ostian gate, and so en-grossed were we in our talk that we did not observe a large party of riders of both sexes, with an escort of men-at-arms, com-ing at a hand gallop from our right, straight in our direction. Our attention was how ever sharply drawn to the fact by the cry of an equerry who was riding well in advance of the others, and this man shouted:
"The road! The road! Way for his holiness! Way! Way!"
We drew off at once to the side, Jacopo

dismounting and sinking to his knees. I however contented myself with uncovering, and watching with no little astonishment the party as they came up. They were evidently returning from hawking, and at the head of the column of riders were two men in full Turkish costume.
"Who are those Turks?" I asked Jacopo

and the knave, still kneeling, and holding his hands up in supplication, answered hur-

'One is the Soldam Diem, excellency O, Lord, I trust we may not be hanged as an afternoon's amusement—the other, the fair one, old Alexander VI. himself — O Lord! What cursed luck! Kneel, excel-

lord! What cursed luck! Kneel, excel-lency; it is our only chance."
"Tush!" I replied, and remembered at once that the brother of Bajazet, the Great Turk, was a hostage in Rome, practically a prisoner in the bands of Alexander, a legacy he had inherited from the Cibo, and which brought him 40,000 ducats annally. I could understand Djem in eastern costume, but the potse manuscrafting in broad day. but the pope masquerading in broad day-light as a Moor! It was as wonderful as it was disgusting to me. And then the re-membrance of Corte's daughter came to my mind, and as they approached, I could hard-ly refrain from making a dash to rid the world of the monster who sat in St. Peter's

When they had gone, Jacopo arose from a knees, and dusting them with his hands whilst he looked up at me, said: Bacco! But I gave up all for lost. I vow a candle to St. Mary of I forget where but

candle to St. Mary of I forget where out to the shrine nearest to the place we dine, for this lucky escape."
"Come, sirrah!" I said, a little annoyed, "mount. There never was any danger."
"Very well, your worship!" and Jacopo drew a little to the front. "There they go," he said, shading his eyes with his hands, and turning to the left, where a dun cloud of dust on the Via della Marmorata marked the progress of the Borgia. "The best way, signore," he continued, "is over the hill; we will get a view from there, and then passing by the places you want to see, make for a quiet hostel I know of in the Strangers'

Following him, we rode up the Aventine, until we reached the old wall of Servina Tullius. Here we stopped to observe the view. To the west and southwest we could see the green of the Campagna merging into the distant gray of the Roman Maremma, whilst beyond that clear blue line, below the flush of the coming sunset, marked the sea. Beneath us lay the Tiber and the is-land, the yellow water of the river stirred into ripples by the breeze, and looking from the distance like hammered brass. Beyond the Tiber rose Monte Gianicolo, beyond which the top of the Vatican hill was just visible. To the north the view was a little shut in by the Palatine and the church of St. Prisca above us, and far off rose the cone of Soratte. Northeast and cast lay the Palatine, the Esquiline, with the campaniles of Santa Maria Maggiore and San Pietre in Vincoli. Over Monte Coelio we could see the heights of the Sabine hills, and running our eyes along the Appian way, we could almost descry the Alban lake, the could almost descry the Alban lake, the mountains being distinctly visible. We stayed for a few moments drinking in the view, and then going onwards, turned northwest, past St. Prisca, and began the descent, by a winding way, held in by vine-yards. Coming down we caught a glimpse of the three churches of the Aventine, namely, S. Sabina, S. Maria Aventina and St. Alessio, which was held by the monastery of St. Jerome, whose walls rose hard at hand. St. Jerome, whose wails rose hard at hand. A look to the right showed us the Circus Mazimus, above which towered a huge obelisk surrounded by four lions. At length we came to the Vicola di San Sabina, and at the corner of the street rose the gray walls and square tower of the castle of the Savelli. I drew rein, and looked at it with a bitter heart, and a sigh I could not con-trol cacaped me, as I saw the breeze catch and spread to the wind the silken folds of the standard of the Chigi, who bore quar-tered on their shield the star of the Savelli and the tree of De la Rovere. It flaunted and the tree of De is Rovere. It haunted there, in all the insolent pomp of a new house, whose money bags were full, and the sight of it was enough for me. Jacopo must have caught the look on my face, for he said,

Who knows, excellency-luck may turn. Well meant as the words were, they jarred on me, and, without replying, I moved on, allently raising my sword to the salute, as I passed the grim gates from which my ancestors held the road as far as the river, and almost held Rome itself.

As we went past the Island, I did not even raise my head to see the Theater of Marcellus, within which lay another and the oldest of our family houses, having come to us through Pierleone towards the close

of the eleventh century.

Jacopo was for going straight on past the monastery of the Aracoeli, on the Capitol; but, unluckily, I discovered that my horse had cast a shoe, and this was a matter not to be neglected. So we turned to the right and entered the Campo Vaccino, formerly the Forum of Rome. It being now sunset, here were collected hundreds of ozen and buffaloes, and from the height of Moute Caprino we could hear the bleating of the herds of goats which were pastured thereon, and the tinkling of their bells as they moved slowly down towards their shelter for the night. A hundred fires were blazing cheerfully, and served to dissipate the blu-Round these fires were groups of people, mostly countrymen, who seemed in the best of spirits, as they listened to songs, or watched numbers of their party, who danced merrily to the tune of a pipe. Hard by were a number of sheds, used by mechanics, and the blaze, which showed a forge in work soon attracting our attention, we made there at once, and had the horse attended to. Whilst the smith was besting out a shoe,

I sat down on a rough bench, my horse be ing fastened to a wooden post, and Jacope holding his nag by the bridle paced up and down, occasionally stamping his feet on the ground to free them, as he said, from the ground to free them, as he said, from the ants. In other words, he was suffering slightly from cramp. To my right was a large crowd, evidently enjoying a show of jugglery, and from their cries of wonderment and pleasure they seemed to be having their money's worth. So I rose and elbowed my way to a good place, unfortunately only in time to see the end of the affair. The juggler was robed in a doctor's gown, and after performing a trick he distributed nostrums for various ailments, free of payment. Imagine my surprise in recognizing ment. Imagine my surprise in recognizing in him no other than Mathew Corte; and as I came up he placed a tambourine in his lit-tle dog's mouth, and bade him carry to round for subscriptions. Coppers were free ly flung in, and as the little animal stopped before me I drepped in a florin and stooped to pat its head. As I rose I cought Corte's eye, and saw he knew me, but as he made no sign I stayed quiet. Collecting his money, the doctor bowed his thanks and began packing up the instruments of his trade. I went back to my seat and watched the smith at work on my horse, thinking that Corte

must have somehow come into funds.

By this time the blacksmith had completed by this time the blacksmith had completed his task, and we delayed no longer, but went off at once. It was fortunate that Jacopo knew Rome as he did, or we might have been hopelessly lost in the labyrinth of streets, some of them in total ruin, some of them entirely uninhabited, for at the time so hideous was the misgovernment of the city that all who could do so had fled from Rome, and those who remained could not have exceeded 30,000 in number, of whom at least 10,000, men and women, were beings who had lost all claim to the respect of mankind, and were capable of almost any crime These are hard words, but true, nor, indeed have I ever seen a place where all that was bad was so shamelessly exposed as in Rome when Roderigo Borgia was pope. At length we reached the Strangers' Quarters, but Jacopo's hostel was not to be found, and, after searching for it in vain, we were con-tent to pull up before the door of a small inn-built on the lower slope of Monte Pincio, barely a bow-shot from S. Trinita de Monte, the church erected by Charles of France in 1495, and a little beyond the convent of the Dames du Sacre Coeur. I cannot say that the hostel was an inviting looking place; in fact, it was little better than one of the com-mon osterie or wineshops with which Rome abounded; but it was too late to pick and choose, and for the night, at least, I deter-mined to stay here. Our first duty was to attend to the horses, which we had stabled in stalls, immediately below the room to be occupied by me, Jacopo having to put up with lodgings in the stables for the night. After the beasts had been fed and groomed, I set myself to a plain dinner, washed down with the contents of a straw-covered mezze fiasec of Francati. Jacopo waited on me. fact, it was little better than one of the cominsco of Francati. Jacopo waited on me and when I was done contentedly devoure the remainder of the manzo or boiled beef, and cooled his throat with a bettle of Marino, which I presented to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Alexander the Great.

No single personality, excepting the carpenter's son of Nuzareth, has done so much to make the world of civilization we live in what it is as Alexander of Macedon. He leveled the terrace upon which Duropean history built. Whatever lay within the range of his conquests contributed its part to form that Mediterranean civilization which, under Rome's administration, became the basis of European life. What lay beyond was as if on another planet Alexander checked his eastward march at the Sutlej, and India and China were left in a world of their own, with their own mechanisms for man and society, their own theories of God and the world. Alexander's world, to which we all belong, went on its own separate way until, in these latter days, a new greed of conquest, begotten of commercial ambition, promises at last to level the barriers which through the centuries have stood as monuments to the outmost stations of the Macedonian phalanx, and have divided the world of men in twain.—Benjamin Ide Wheeler, in Century.

Knew Naught of Taxgatherers. Many and strange are the discoveries which are occasionally made in the outlying districts of the dominions of the great white ezar. But it is somewhat of novelty that an entire village should recently have been discovered of the existence of which no one seems to have had any idea. Deep in the forests of the Urul the authorities have discovered a flourishing village, the inhabitants of which speak a curious language of their own and seem to form a sort of ideal commonwealth, in which taxes and taxgatherers, among other troublesome things, are unheard of. This latter defect, however, is now to be remedied. N. Y. Sun.

Deathless Devotion. Kind Father-My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart. He really and truly loves you.

Daughter-Are you sure of that, pa? Kind Father-Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six months, and still he keeps coming. -N

" The Best is Cheapest.'

We learn this from experience in every department of life. Good clothes are most serviceable and wear the longest. Good food gives the best nutriment. Good medicine, Hood's Saraaparilla, is the best and cheapest, because it cures, absolutely CURES, when all others fail. Remember



Perfect Confidence is desirable between couples engaged to be married, but it is not always that the young woman has as fine an opportunity to establish it as did a Norristown belle, to whom a wealthy bachelor had been paying assiduous attention. After worrying her a good deal about how many young men had been in love with her, and how many she had been attached to, he asked her to marry him, adding:

"Now let there be perfect confidence between us. Keep nothing concealed from me."

me."
"Certainly," replied the giddy girl; "let us have no concealments; and, jumping up, she snatched the wig he wore from his head and danced around the room with it.—
Philadelphia Record.

To Los Angeles and Southern Call-

Every Friday night, at 10:35 p. m., a through Tourist Car for Los Angeles and Southern Cahlfornia, leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Faul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Sait Lake City, for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California.

In addition to the regular Fullman porter, each car is accompanied by an intelligent, competent and courteous "courser,"

In addition to the regular Pullman porter, each car is accompanied by an intelligent, competent and courteous "courier," who will attend to the wants of passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of teurist car service and will be appreciated by families or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children, who usually get weary on a long journey.

These tourist cars are sleeping cars supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfertable and pleasant, and the berth rate (each berth will accommodate two persons) is only \$6.00 from Children and pleasant, and the berth rate (each berth will accommodate two persons) is only \$6.00 from Children and pleasant.

and the berth rate (each berth will accommodate two persons) is only \$6.00 from Chicago to California. Ask the searcst ticket agent for a tourist car folder, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A man's favorite joke is that he is related

There is one thing worse than not having anything good to cat, and that is to have it and not be able to est it.—Ledger Monthly.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The well-read man isn't always the pink of perfection.—Chicago Datiy News.

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Caused by Internal Catarrh, Promptly Cured by Pe-ru-na.

Hon. J. H. Caldwell, a prominent mem-ber of the Louisiana state Logislature, says the following in regard to Peru na for ca-



Hon. J. H. Caldwell.

Hou. J. H. Caldwell.

"I have used Peruma for a number of years with the very best results for catarrhal diseases. I shall never be without it. I never fail to recommend it when an opportunity presents itself."—J. H. Caldwell, Robeline, La.

Gilbert Hofer, Grays, Ky, says in a letter dated March 7th, 1894: "I have used four bottles of Peru-na and I am well of my catarrh, and it cured my Bright's disease. I had been troubled for two years, I weigh twenty pounds more than I did before I was taken aick. I shall never be without Peru na."

Send for free catarrh book. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

